

## FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

### A LITTLE POEM.

One little grain in the sandy bars;  
One little flower in a field of flowers;  
One little star in a heaven of stars;  
One little hour in a year of hours—  
What if it makes or what if it mends?

But the bar is built of the little grains;  
And the little flowers make the meadows gay;  
And the little stars light the heavenly plains;  
And the little hours of each little day  
Give to us all that life contains.

—Ernest Watson, in St. Nicholas.

### BOXED UP.

Something About a Very Curious Little Animal and Its Habitation.

If any of my readers have ever seen the boys of the "Country Week" returning from their week's run and roll in the green fields, they will have seen an amusing sight. These poor little waifs, born in the slums of the city, and most of whom have never seen the verdant meadows or heard the gurgling brooks, come back not only full of delightful memories, but most of them bringing some prize from the treasure-box of the country paradise. And the most valued of all prizes seems to be a land turtle. Every little urchin who has been lucky enough to secure one of these queer creatures clings to it as proudly as if it was one of King Solomon's jewels, while his less fortunate companions gather around him with curious and envious eyes.

Boys like turtles; that may be set down as an axiom. Whether turtles like boys is another question. A turtle is not much of a thinker. Give him something to eat, and let him alone and he will get along almost anywhere. And if disturbed too much he can shut himself up in his shell like a "jack-in-a-box" and laugh at his tormentors.

And, by the way, as most people know the turtle mainly by the outside, and as young and old folks generally are interested in this comical creature, some short account of what there is inside the turtle's box may not be without interest.

The turtle—or the tortoise, to give the little crawler its proper name—is not the only "animal in a box." Oysters, clams, crabs and many other creatures are boxed-up animals. But they all differ greatly from the tortoise, which is, in fact, a very distant cousin of ourselves; that is to say, it has a backbone and ribs, as we have. The lower orders of animals have no inside bones; all their hard parts are outside their bodies. It is the peculiarity of the vertebrate (or backbone) animals to have their hard parts inside, while their outside is of soft flesh, or is covered with scales, as in the fishes and reptiles.

But the turtle is peculiar in that it has bones both inside and outside. In this peculiar animal the bones come through the flesh, and spread over the body outside. The turtle's shell is made up of its backbone and ribs, which are spread out broad and flat over its back, the ribs joining at their edges. This tent of bone is covered with a thin, almost transparent, beautifully tinted coating, which is the tortoise shell from which such pretty combs, knife-handles, and like ornamental objects are made.

The lower shell is made in the same manner. Here the breast-bones come out, and spread into a broad, flat shell. Thus the tortoise is actually shut up in a box made of its own bones. This is usually joined together above and below, except where the head, tail and legs come out. And these can be withdrawn at will, and the shell closed by strong muscles, until the creature becomes like an old-time knight shut up in his iron box of armor.

The head is also covered with a coating of horny plates, and the edges of these plates at the jaws do duty as teeth, since the tortoise has none of these useful organs. The horny jaws are often saw-toothed, so that they cut up food very well.

Our little land tortoise—*Cistudo Carolina*, to give it its scientific name—is by no means confined to Carolina, but may be found everywhere along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida. It is very abundant in the pine forests of the South, and is familiar to almost everybody everywhere throughout the region named.

The shell of the box tortoise is about six and a half inches long by four and a half wide. It is more rounded than is usual with turtles, and has a remarkable variety of colors and markings. Its most common colors are yellowish-brown and bright yellow, but these are so variously arranged that it is nearly or quite impossible to find two tortoises alike.

In its wild state it feeds on insects, and probably on some species of plants; but when confined it very quickly makes itself at home, and will eat nearly everything offered it, such as bread, potatoes, apples, and other civilized fare.

One thing remarkable about it is its wonderful length of life. We are not surprised to hear that the huge elephant can live for two hundred years; there is stuff enough in the great beast to keep it going for centuries. Yet it is hard to conceive that a little crawling tortoise can live as long as an elephant, though writers declare that it can. I doubt, however, if any single observer has watched a tortoise for two centuries.

There is one way of telling a turtle's age, and that is by cutting down its shell. The inscription will remain during its whole life. But as it is not uncommon for rogish boys to date such inscriptions twenty years or more back, they are not fully to be trusted. Yet all boys are not rogues, and we can relate one remarkable and well-attested instance of this character. Mr. William Eyre, a gentleman of Chester, Pa., relates that when he was a boy of ten he caught a land tortoise and cut his initials on its under shell. Going out afterward for a ride, he took the tortoise with him, and left it at a place ten miles away. That was the last he saw of Master Tortoise until he was an old gentleman of seventy, when, to his surprise, he found the identical creature in his own garden. There were the initials, which he recognized as undoubtedly his own handiwork. In this incident, which I have good

reason to believe actually occurred, the long life of the little creature is only one of the interesting points. It is very remarkable that it returned to its starting-point after sixty years. How far it had roamed during that long interval, what sights it had seen, and what thoughts it had thought, are beyond guessing. But back it came, after an average lifetime, to see in his old age the person by whom in his boyhood it had been marked for life.

There are some few other specimens of land tortoise in this country. There is one on the western prairies considerably larger than ours. And in the South there is a very large one, known as the gopher turtle. This creature has a shell nearly fifteen inches long, and is so strong that it can move under a weight of two hundred pounds, so that it might easily carry a man on its back. It lives in underground burrows in sandy forests, and does its prowling by night, often making havoc in the sweet potato and melon patches of the inhabitants. So the good people of the Gulf States do not altogether relish the gopher.

It is the water-turtles, the terrapins, our fresh waters and the great sea turtles which are the delight of epicures. Of the fresh-water species we have several varieties, from a little fellow of the waters of Pennsylvania and New Jersey not four inches long, to the great and fierce snapping-turtle with a shell nine inches and more in length. It is said to have been taken of four feet in total length, from snout to end of tail.

To kill this creature does not kill its snapping propensities; the head will live for hours after being cut off, and has been known to snap a boy's finger or the leg of an investigating hen hours after it ought to have been dead. It is not a safe thing to throw the head of a snapper in the grass as a trap for prowling chickens or curious boys.

There is one other odd peculiarity of tortoises and some other reptiles with which we may conclude. If we want to breathe freely, we open our mouth to do so; but if the mouth of a tortoise or a toad be kept open by inserting a stick between its jaws, it will soon suffocate for want of breath.

This may seem impossible, yet it may be easily explained. All the higher animals breathe by pumping the air into and out of their lungs. We do our air-pumping by means of the diaphragm, a broad membrane below the lungs, which moves up and down at every breath, and opens and closes the lungs successively. In the tortoise the mouth is the pump. It takes in a mouthful of air. Then it closes its lips, contracts the cavity of the mouth, and drives the air down into its lungs. If the mouth be kept open, this pump will not work, since the air will rush outward instead of downward.

This is one of the odd facts of nature. As many fish can be drowned by being fastened under water and not allowed to come to the surface, so many air-breathers can be suffocated by being placed in an ocean of air with their mouths wide open. —Charles Morris, in Harper's Young People.

### EDUCATION.

Its Success Dependent upon Strict Attention to Details.

If we are to make any proper estimate of the effect of education—the best education—upon success we must carefully make a distinction which is constantly overlooked. Some years ago, the son of a college professor came out of a college at the age of twenty. The father found the boy a place in a wholesale and retail coal business. The boy began life as a yard clerk. He stood at the gate and checked off the wagon loads as they passed out. He had risen at the end of five years to the best salary and most trusted office in a large business. Why did he succeed? A great deal must be set down to the credit of the boy's character. He was not ashamed to fill the lowest place; he filled it well. He was industrious, persistent, courageous. Something else entered into the account. His father set him up in business with some good advice. He said to his boy: "Remember that you are to learn the coal business from the beginning to the end of it. Not simply how this or that detail is managed, but how every detail is managed. Not simply details but general facts. I have given you a general education; go to work and get a special education. I believe I have qualified you to learn the coal business. Learn it—all of it. When you have gotten the business by heart you will have a fortune in your head. Money will seek your alliance. You will be in demand."

The point of this incident is plain enough. The general education needs in every case to be supplemented by special education. After the mental and moral drill of the college comes the special drill of a calling. It matters little what the calling is. Much unwise writing is extant to confuse young men about the importance of a choice of pursuits. The average man need spend no long time in this choosing. No matter what he chooses, he will succeed if he thoroughly masters it, and he will not succeed unless he masters it. There are all sorts of excursions; but this is the rule. If a man is to do anything well he must learn to do it, thoroughly master its principles and method. —Christian at Work.

### Burmese History.

The history of the first Burmese war is curiously rendered in the chronicles of the Burmese Kings. These authorities declare that some sixty years ago white strangers from the West ventured to dispute with the Lord of the Golden Palace. They came in ships, capturing lamp chimneys, tumbrels and such articles in a pot filled with cold water to which some common table salt has been added. Boil the water well and allow it to cool slowly. When the articles are taken out and washed they will resist any sudden change of temperature. —Exchange.

—The Popular Science News asserts that the average length of life is constantly increasing, and the time may come when persons a hundred years old will excite no more curiosity than one of eighty years at the present time.

### GHASTLY PLEASANTRY.

A Theme of Conversation Which Is Not a Joking Subject.

There is one very careless habit of a great many excellent married people. How often we hear a man joke his wife about getting married a second time, or a wife perpetrate the same sort of thing in regard to her husband. They would not do it if they were to stop and think but a moment. Did you ever hear a wife joke about the death of her child, or her mother, or her brother, sister or father? No, no. But society is running over with those who joke about the death of their husbands. It is the most thoughtless sort of humor ever invented. It is trifling with the most serious subject on earth. We decry irreverent passages in a play or a public address. It makes the blood chill to see rude hands laid on that which is sacred. Love is sacred, marriage is sacred, death is awful. The one ever-painful thought to those who are happily wed is that death comes at last to take one away and leave the other a lonely survivor. Conceive, then, the hideous flippancy of that wife's conversation who speculates in jest as to her successor. What violence does a husband do a precious thing when he in his imagination jumps over the grave of his wife and dances like a clown into the arena of widowhood, ready for another matrimonial enterprise. The world takes the proper view of this subject when it demands that the widows of its heroes shall remain constant until they themselves shall be taken away, and that there shall be no invader on a consecrated field. This natural sentiment of the human heart found expression among the Hindoos in the custom of burning the wife after the death of the husband. This fixes the relationship between the two irrevocably, and that is the exact intention of the custom. It would hardly do to burn the widows of this country, for they are generally well behaved and duly respectful to the memory of their deceased husbands. If there ought to be a burning up in this line it ought to be of the widowers, especially the older ones who are so suddenly rejuvenated when loosed from the matrimonial tether. No human creature is the butt of so much ridicule, the object of so much railery behind the scenes in these very circles he seeks to penetrate and bear off a victim, as that giddy person known as the marrying widower of ripe age. It is only when he is fortified with gold, and silver, and precious stones that fair youthful womankind smiles and surrenders. He is then accepted as a speculation. —Chicago Tribune.

### SMALL BEGINNINGS.

Enthusiasm a Wondrous Factor in Human Progress.

Flushed with the ardor born of health, good impulses and inexperience, the young enthusiast's school-boy days are irradiated with dreams of a resplendent future. If of a somewhat poetical and religious temperament he will conceive it to be his mission to reform society and be a benefactor to all mankind. He is impatient with the slow, routine methods of mankind in general and with the injustice which they tolerate. If cast in a grosser mold, he will probably resolve to be a great soldier or statesman or millionaire merchant, who will utilize fame and power and wealth to assist and encourage his less fortunate fellows. But when the projectors of such ideal futures are brought into rude contact with our plodding, work-a-day world they are too frequently discouraged and disarmed by the shock which disillusionments them. Realizing the inability to fulfill the hopes born of their generous though callow impulses, they permit themselves to swing to the opposite extremity of the arc. Some of them lose heart, others wrap themselves up in a shell of selfishness, stifling the warm sympathies that previously animated them.

The most valuable lesson that can be impressed on all young men and women at the threshold of their career is that small beginnings are not to be despised, that small economies pave the road to wealth, that genius largely consists of hard, earnest work, and that Olympus is more often gained by those who steadfastly climb than by those who essay to fly. There is work enough in the world for all hands to do, wretchedness enough to be alleviated, and happiness enough to be attained, for that matter, if we only set about it in the right way by taking the task or the duty that is nearest to us. Many a man spends half his years bemoaning his lack of capital when his wasted dimes and nickels might, if saved, have established him in a successful business. Many a man and woman deplore the misery they daily read of, yet refrain from relieving any portion of it. As the oak springs from the acorn all great reforms develop from apparently trivial beginnings. There is no occasion for being depressed at one's inability to grapple with all the evil on the planet; begin with that manifestation of sin or misfortune which is nearest your own door. Do not be cast down by the consciousness of how little you can accomplish where so much is to be done. A reservoir may be emptied pint by pint—even drop by drop. Enthusiasm is a wondrous factor in human progress and should be refreshed rather than chilled by an occasional reverse. —N. Y. Graphic.

—To prevent glass breaking place lamp chimneys, tumbrels and such articles in a pot filled with cold water to which some common table salt has been added. Boil the water well and allow it to cool slowly. When the articles are taken out and washed they will resist any sudden change of temperature. —Exchange.

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### WOULDN'T PLAY.

Why the Grizzled Man from the Hills Refused to Participate in a Theatrical Performance.

A dramatic society in Little Rock decided to introduce into one of their plays a rough character, whose business it should be to terrorize everything in sight. The manager of the dramatic society said that he knew the very man who could make the character a brilliant success. He had his eye on a lank and grizzled man who had come down from the hills, and when the manager called at a wagon yard and introduced himself and stated his business, the "character", who said that his name was Luke Crenshaw, replied:

"Well, Cap'n, I reckon you'll have ter 'scuse me. I never was no hand at that sorter bizness."

"Oh, but you can soon learn it. All we want of you is to be perfectly natural—want you to come out dressed just as you are."

"I couldn't come no other way for these here is all the clothes I've got. What will I have ter do?"

"Well, you see, there'll be a party of young ladies and gentlemen at a little summer hotel. The company will be sitting in front of the house, when you come up. You'll take a seat a short distance away, under a tree. Pretty soon you'll haul out a bottle and take a drink."

"Drink uv whut?"

"Oh, whisky, brandy or whatever it may be."

"S'poeze yer let it be Johnny red-eye."

"All right, we'll say then that it's Johnny red-eye. You take a drink or two and then address yourself to the company. The ladies and gentlemen arise and are in the act of leaving the place when you compel them to sit down. Then you take two or three more drinks and—"

"Look a here, what is the size uv the bottle?"

"A pint bottle will be large enough."

"No, it won't. A pint wouldn't last me nigh that long."

"I am glad to see that you want to make it appear natural. You may take a quart bottle."

"Who pays for the whisky?"

"Why, my friend, the bottle will not really contain whisky."

"Good-bye."

"Hold on."

"I said good-bye."

"Say, in order to secure your services, we will let you have a pint of whisky."

"Make it a quart."

"I am afraid you might not be able to play your part."

"You don't know me. Make it a quart or good-bye."

"Very well, then, we'll make it a quart."

"I'm yer man. What else must I do?"

"Well, while you are talking to the ladies and gentlemen a tax assessor comes up."

"Go ahead, fur yer air gitlin' interestin'."

"You turn from the ladies and gentlemen, suffering them to depart, and address the tax assessor. You charge him with having assessed you too high, and he calls you a liar. Then you spring back, whip out a pistol and shoot the assessor."

"Now yer air talkin'."

"Shoot the assessor, killing him instantly."

"That's fast rate. Say, I've got the best pistol in the land—fires every clatter. I've been wantin' ter kill a tax assessor sense I ken reckonkolek. The law won't pester me for killin' him, will it?"

"Why, my dear sir, you are not to kill him in earnest."

"Oh, don't pester yersef. It won't be nothin' but fun ter me. I'll put it to him between the eyes."

"You don't understand. You are to use a blank cartridge."

"An' no hurt him?"

"Of course not."

"Good-bye."

"Say, think over—"

"Good-bye." —Arkansas Traveler.

### AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

How It Assists Scientists, Engineers and Educators.

The number of people who take photographic pictures is increasing amazingly year by year. Apart from those who make a living by the profession, there are others to whom it is useful in their several occupations. Engineers and architects use it for making pictures of machinery and buildings, physicians find it handy in keeping a record of surgical operations. It is an indispensable to artists in sketching; then newspaper men are enabled to take a photograph, which is desirable, now that all the journals are being illustrated. Then a great number of ladies and gentlemen find it a pleasant amusement to be able to take pictures of their friends and relatives. What repels the gentler sex, however, is the ill-smelling chemicals which are used to bring out the pictures on the negatives. One of the drawbacks to the general use of photography to those who travel has been the necessity of using glass, which is weighty to carry and awkward to use. But this difficulty has been overcome by a new apparatus and process which employs paper instead of glass for negatives. It would take too much of our space to describe this new process, but amateur photographers will have no trouble in finding the new material. Pictures, by the way, are becoming very popular. The art work in our magazines is improving as months roll by. The circulation of our illustrated weekly papers is enormous, and the daily papers are beginning to invade this popular field. Men have many tongues, that is, they speak many dialects, while practically they have but one eye; hence pictures form the true universal language. Educators are beginning to find out that the intelligence of children can best be appealed to through the eyes rather than through the ears. —Democrat's Monthly.

"—He had on a suit of stair carpet," said a man who was trying to inform his wife which of her friends he had met in the street. —N. Y. Mail.

### DUTCH ETIQUETTE.

A Country Where Women Receive but Little Consideration.

I have no idea of attempting to tell anything new about Holland and the Dutch, but there are some things about domestic etiquette and the like that only a woman would notice, of which I may write, and which are just what "Our Dutch" practiced. The man is "lord of all" in Holland; the woman is almost without a shadow of estimation. The typical Dutchman hasn't a particle of the chivalrous about him, and abounds in the arts of slighting and impertinence. He is a sort of a bear, tame and good-natured, but still full of the bruin element. His countrywomen are actually afraid of him, especially when outside their own door. The Dutchwoman lives in constant fear of insult; and when she is out on the street she acts as if she was afraid that her ursine brothers were going to bite, paw or hug her. Not that the men are dangerous, for rarely is it heard that the bears have bitten. Look out on the street, and you will see that the ladies walk in the road and the gentlemen on the sidewalk. Always so, no matter how muddy or dusty the road is, or how many teams are passing. Watch them, and you can not help but notice that the gentlemen and ladies never speak to each other on the street. That would be a breach of etiquette that society would hardly pardon. Even when a man meets his wife he is not permitted to ask what he shall bring home for dinner! The gentleman bows first, the same as in France, and a lady may have bows from any number of men whose name she does not even know. And the bowing is a marvel! The forehead almost touches the knees in the act, and there is no half-way work about it—no nodding or a sweeping touch of the hat, but an entire removal of the hat to supplement that intense bow. Everybody bows, then they take off their hats to one another and profoundly bow. Your friend's coachman or lackey does the same toward you as his master does, and the servants are just as polite to each other. A lady is bowed to by all the friends of her father, husband or brother; and your household's friends as well. Every man bows to the house of his lady acquaintance when he passes; bows, smiles and raises his hat, no matter whether the ladies are visible or not. If they are visible they return the bow with an over-polite bend of the whole body.

The women seem to think that where there are several men congregated they will take especial delight in insulting them, and a lady is never known to pass a club-house or a knot of men on the street. If she is obliged to pass up a street where there is a club, she does not dare to brave the dreaded windows, but will cross the street until she is past the house, and then cross back again. I have seen a lady of my acquaintance make the round of several streets to avoid a club-house, being at the time in a great hurry to reach an apothecary, whose shop was next beyond the club. If a lady, alone or accompanied by other ladies, must needs enter a confectionery, library or other place where men will naturally go and find a gentleman or two there, she will retire as precipitately as if she had seen a case of small-pox. The men know this, but unless my lord the man has quite finished his business he will not retire. The lady retreats in a most undignified manner, and the human bear finishes his book or his chocolate, even though the lady is waiting at the door for him to leave. —Home Journal.

### THE PANAMA CANAL.

Encouraging and Discouraging Views of the Great Work.

M. de Lesseps wants the French Government to permit him to raise more money to prosecute the work of completing the Panama Canal. So far this authorization has been refused. In the meantime statements come from the isthmus that the work is practically a failure. The reasoning runs in this wise: Estimated amount of excavation required for the canal, including rock cutting, 125,000,000 cubic meters; this is the Lesseps estimate, and is believed to be much too low. Actual amount of excavation done, 13,000,000 cubic meters, or eleven per cent. of the whole. This is principally in soft earth. The canal was to be finished, according to M. de Lesseps, in 1888. Time is of the essence of his undertaking, since he has to pay interest on the capital employed in construction, including the share capital. One-half of the time has passed, and only one-tenth of the work is done, and this the least difficult part. The highest monthly achievement has been 775,000 cubic meters; the average was only 617,000 per month in 1884. The nature of the work is such that a more rapid rate of excavation can hardly be expected. If an average of 700,000 cubic meters can be maintained, and if the Lesseps estimate of the total amount required to be done is not too low, and if the dreadful Chagres can be controlled, and if the money is forthcoming, the canal may be completed in nine years from the present time; but Lieutenant Winslow, of the United States navy, in a recent report, expresses the opinion that it can not be finished under any circumstances before the year 1897. At this rate it would take nearly a thousand million of dollars to finish the work. In the mean time the company would be bankrupted, and the enterprise would have to be undertaken by a new syndicate backed by the French Nation. Then, argue the opponents of this work, even if completed it would never pay, for more time would be consumed in going from Europe to the east coast of Asia by way of the Panama Canal than is now necessary in sailing by way of the Suez Canal and the Indian Ocean. Time is money, and there would be no money by changing the steamship travel from the Mediterranean to the new route via the Panama Canal. Still we suspect that M. de Lesseps would tell a different story. We believe the canal will be finished before the five years are over. —Democrat's Monthly.

—A colored man went into a Galveston newspaper office and wanted to subscribe to the paper. "How long do you want it?" asked the clerk. "Jes as long as it is, boss; if it don't fit the shelves, I kin 'tar a piece off myself." —N. Y. Graphic.

—A dry-goods clerk took his girl out for ice-cream the other night, and in a moment of absent-mindedness, thinking that he was waiting upon a customer, said cordially: "Anything else?" She took lemonade and cake. —Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.

—Mr. Newrich (doubtfully)—"Jane, dear, what is this they say in the papers about us? Parrence? What does it mean?" Mrs. Newrich (composedly)—"Some complaint to our standing in sassiness, dear; I don't know many of those Italianish phrases." —Pittsburgh Post.

—A composition of one of the boys in a West Side school was as follows: "Girls is the only folks what has her own way every time and allus does what they is a mind to and don't care nothing about nobody else and father says the less I know about them the better off I am." —Chicago Telegram.

—"Have you got the ring?" inquired the minister of the young man when they got to that part of the ceremony. "Gosh, if I haven't forgotten it! Tell you, parson, don't know what we're going to do unless you use my hitching strap. It's out in the buggy. Guess you can tie us with that, can't you?" —Exchange.

—A Vermont woman, who attempted suicide by drowning, found the water so cold that she changed her mind and went home damp and shivering. Women should know that it is very dangerous to attempt suicide by drowning when the water is cold. They might contract a fatal case of pneumonia. —Norristown Herald.

—"What is the population of the world, papa?" asked six-year-old Edith, who was making up sums for herself on a new slate. "You must not interrupt me now, Edith," said her father, who was waiting at the same table. "Go to Miss Smith," referring to her governess. Her father was not so busy, however, but that he heard and was amused by her saying in a low tone soon after: "I know how I can find out myself. I'll look in the back of the geography for the United States and for Europe, and then I can add Aunt Mary's and Aunt Jessie's baby, and that will give it to me exactly." —Harper's Bazar.

### PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Gowanda Mohawk, of Auburn, claims the distinction of being the only redskin on the American stage. —N. Y. Mail.

—James Redpath says that John B. Gough has lectured oftener, longer, and refused more offers of engagements than any other man who ever lived.

—Ex-Senator David R. Atchison, who was elected President pro tem. of the Senate on the death of Vice-President King in 1853 is still living in Missouri. —St. Louis Post.

—Miss Nellie Hobson, of Wallingford, Conn., has been offered four thousand dollars a year as an art teacher in a Christian College in Northern India, but declined the offer. —Hartford Post.

—A remarkable feature of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Vansickle was the presence of six brothers and sisters of the aged groom who were at the original wedding fifty years ago. Such an unbroken family record is rarely met with. —Newton (N. J.) Register.

—Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, only a short time before his death, spoke about his health, saying that he thought that if he passed the age of sixty-five he would live twenty years longer. He seemed to have an idea that that was a critical period, a turning point, in his family's longevity. —Boston Budget.

—Mr. Philip D. Armour, of Chicago, is fifty years old, and was originally from Watertown, N. Y., whence he went to California in 1849. During the war he made a moderate fortune in grain at Milwaukee. He now employs 5,000 men, and in 1884 exported \$60,000,000 worth of food products. —Chicago Journal.

—When Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, was a student in Harvard College, John C. Heenan was his instructor in athletics, and Hawthorne took so kindly to this sort of training that Heenan used to say to him: "If you'll put yourself under my care I'll guarantee that in less than two years you can lick any man in America." —Hartford Courant.

—Joseph Jefferson ("Rip Van Winkle"), with his family, has gone to his new home on Orange Island, in New Iberia Parish, Louisiana, where he has purchased lands, built houses and has hundreds of orange trees bearing fruit. It is said that after this season he will retire permanently from the stage and spend the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of his new home. —N. Y. Sun.

—We close with the trust that when the corroding tooth of time shall harrow us no more and the tangle perplexities of life shall no longer harass the soul, when we all shall gather ourselves together and surrender to the black banner of death, may the comfort of a life well spent and the consciousness of duty well performed usher us into grander realities, where the refrain of angels is hushed in the song of eternity. —Elizaj (Ga.) Courier's New Editor's Salutation.

### HUMOROUS.

—Teacher—"If your father gives you five apples and your brother gives you three, how many have you?" Johnnie—"I guess, enough for one day." —Toledo Blade.

—A new book is called "Humor in Animals". There must be some very "brilliant humorists" among animals, or there wouldn't be so many "laughing hyenas". This joke is not gnu. —Norristown Herald.

—Student—"I have been thinking upon the subject of the alarming prevalence of divorce, and I almost believe I have discovered the cause." Professor (delightedly)—"Yes, yes; what is it?" Student—"Marriage." —Chicago Tribune.

—A colored man went into a Galveston newspaper office and wanted to subscribe to the paper. "How long do you want it?" asked the clerk. "Jes as long as it is, boss; if it don't fit the shelves, I kin 'tar a piece off myself." —N. Y. Graphic.

—A dry-goods clerk took his girl out for ice-cream the other night, and in a moment of absent-mindedness, thinking that he was waiting upon a customer, said cordially: "Anything else?" She took lemonade and cake. —Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.

—Mr. Newrich (doubtfully)—"Jane, dear, what is this they say in the papers about us? Parrence? What does it mean?" Mrs. Newrich (composedly)—"Some complaint to our standing in sassiness, dear; I don't know many of those Italianish phrases." —Pittsburgh Post.

—A composition of one of the boys in a West Side school was as follows: "Girls is the only folks what has her own way every time and allus does what they is a mind to and don't care nothing about nobody else and father says the less I know about them the better off I am." —Chicago Telegram.

—"Have you got the ring?" inquired the minister of the young man when they got to that part of the ceremony. "Gosh, if I haven't forgotten it! Tell you, parson, don't know what we're going to do unless you use my hitching strap. It's out in the buggy. Guess you can tie us with that, can't you?" —Exchange.

—A Vermont woman, who attempted suicide by drowning, found the water so cold that she changed her mind and went home damp and shivering. Women should know that it is very dangerous to attempt suicide by drowning when the water is cold. They might contract a fatal case of pneumonia. —Norristown Herald.

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